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red, a cigarette flourishes a streamer of blue smoke. The plotting mind of the other player circles the table, and puts his patterns upon it. "One, two."

Under his curling forefinger the cue slips smoothly one or two sufficient inches, the thumb pivots on the green surface, the other fingers keep the balance. In the fingers of the right hand the butt hangs lightly as light, swings into the shot. He builds, this man, the patterns are not so soon brushed away, his mind stands still longer, his vision is less abstract. "One, two," he plods, ploughing up hill. "One, two," the other flickers on light wings. Like a swallow you lose sight of him, and like a swallow he brushes the common ground on his return.

"Are you sure?" the spot might ask the one. "Whither?" the white might ask the other.

Robert Alden Sanborn.



Duffy in Left

Sometimes he stands stockily,
His legs like pillars of rock,
Braced age-long in the pits of earth;
His hands swinging from the shoulders' arch,
His head thrust forward, eyes peering into the daze of light.
Ty Cobb is at the bat,
A fistful of forked lightning, loosely held,
Lithe muscles quivering at the leash.
Pivoting on the slender hips
The shoulders swing to meet the breaking ball.
"A hit! Three bases! Home!"
The slung bat somersaults, and Hughey dances like a Sioux,
For Ty is slanting down the path.

Duffy uproots his sturdy legs,
He stands poised, admiring, his wondering eyes
Tracing the flying arch across the sky,—
Over the fence brings Ty in with the run.
As though he spied a blot upon the sun
He would wipe out,
Duffy unlimbers;

His mind on wing, he wheels.
 No cat more fleet could scamper up a fence,
 Nor the shadow of a blown leaf
 Scurry up the side of the house
 In so short a pulse of breath;
 In just the startled quiver of a lid,
 When the eye passes the cue, inward, to the brain,
 Duffy is up the bank.
 On the narrow upper edge he turns, his breast to the multitude,
 The eyes of twenty thousand burning on him with agonized anxiety.
 He is the momentary image of a martyr,
 Crucified upon the score-board wall,
 Braced for the shot or spear-thrust,
 (And martyr he will be if he should miss that catch!)
 He rises on his toes in the ecstasy of capture,
 One hand thrown upward to his God;
 And twenty thousand pagans join in silence with him, asking,
 Will the prayer be heard?

I've heard of prayers in Buddha-Land,
 Chewed to a spit-ball,
 Thrown and plastered on the image of the saint,
 And if it sticks the poor simp knows it's heard.
 Just so the spit-ball maced by Ty sticks white and dead,
 A spot that won't come off on Duffy's upflung glove.
 The prayer is heard!

Duffy runs idly down the bank,
 With Ty's three-sacker resting in his hand.

We thank thee, Duffy!
 Our throats resound with praise.

